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MUSINGS IN SOLITUDE,

A

A POSTHUMOUS COLLECTION

OF

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY A MINOR.

MANCHESTER:

J. & J. THOMPSON, MARKET STREET;

AND

THOMAS BOOTH, 76, KING STREET.

1843.

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PREFACE.

The following poems are the productions of a young lady, who died at the untimely age of nineteen; and from the circumstance of their never having been designed for publication, motives of delicacy suggest the omission of her name. It is not, therefore, our intention to enter into a detailed memoir, though her career abounded with many incidents of a painfully interesting and romantic nature—suffice it to say, that she was highly endowed with every gift that could possibly adorn her sex—a brilliant mind, a lofty intellect, a truly benevolent and virtuous heart, were qualities, which, united with a most pleasing and prepossessing exterior, secured for her, to an eminent degree, the esteem and admiration of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance. Being of a pensive disposition, an enthusiastic admirer of nature, she sought a refuge in solitude from the pleasures of youth, in which she had no delight in participating, as is usual with others of similar age. These peculiarities combined with a delicate perception of the sublime and beautiful, a refined energy of sentiment, an ardent love of, and a keen sensibility to religious influence, have imparted a melancholy grandeur, a softened and subdued tone to her effusions, and have shed a graceful sombreness over her walks in the ideal world.

It will appear obvious, as we have before stated, that these poems were never designed for publication, and they are now committed to the press, at the urgent solicitation of many friends of the deceased, who were anxious to possess some memorial of departed worth. With this view they are therefore offered to the public, and though to the casual reader they may present little that is attractive, yet there are many who will be disposed to sympathise with one, whose hopes were immolated at the shrine of disappointment, and whose spirit, crushed and broken by the turmoil and discord of this sublunary scene, has sought an everlasting rest in the mansions of heavenly glory.

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In this unpretending volume we cannot anticipate the celestial magnificence, the sublime splendours, the etherial beauty, the magic versatility, the polished cadence, which constitute the distinguished attributes of our finest poets; and the fastidious critic will have scope for remarks of an objective character; but still the indulgent reader will find much to approve, both in richness of conception, fervour of pathos, and felicity of expression. Many of the poems were written without revision, even before fourteen summers had gilded the existence of the authoress; and whether considered as juvenile efforts of aspiring thought, or as the struggles of a highly religious mind to divest itself of the corrupting influence of worldly interests, cannot fail to elicit approbation. Those, whose dispassionate judgment and reflective capacity lead them to admire virtue and goodness in their simplest forms, will require no elaborate disquisition to render apparent the beauties of many passages in the volume; and though it may not, perhaps, be found in the boudoirs of the wealthy, or take a permanent stand in the higher ranks of literature, yet, we cannot doubt, from the precocity of her genius, had her earthly career been prolonged, that a mature cultivation would have developed poetic powers of the highest and most brilliant order, and have exalted her to a lofty eminence on the steep of fame; and this instance of ingenuous excellence, blooming in congenial seclusion, furnishes, in addition to many others, a beautiful and pathetic illustration of Gray's exquisite sentiment:—

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

T. B.

Manchester, Jan. 1, 1843.

POEMS, &c.

STANZAS.

Why should my heart be always sad ?
  Is there no hope my feelings to lighten—
Is my life so soon to be dimmed by care,
  Without ev'n a gleam of joy to brighten ?

Is the path of youth which lies before me—
  The path in which pleasures so often met,
To be wasted in helpless and vain deploring,
  In gloomy sorrow, and wretched regret ?

Oh, no ! my proud heart will surely conquer
  O'er feelings so racked with sorrow and pain,
And my life can appear to be joyous with pleasure,
  Though the sorrow to me may rankle the same.

I will meet, as it comes, the world with its follies,
  I will plunge mid the vain and worthless of heart,
Whilst a voice perhaps may whisper in sorrow and sadness
  I might have chosen a better part.

MUSIC AND THOUGHT.

There's music in the sounding waves
  Amid the ocean's rolling deep;—
There's music in the hollow caves
  As around them the night winds sweep.

But a sound of sorrow that music is,
  And awful and strange to hear,
Like the sound that follows the dead to their graves
  Seems lingering round the bier.

There's a voice that can utter accents sweet,
  And a look that alone can reprove,
There's a smile of truth, which when you meet,
  Can awaken the deep thoughts of love.

And that voice whispers still in sorrowful dreams,
  And my thoughts can picture that smile,
And my feelings construe those transient gleams
  Into vanity, sorrow and guile.

And thought could linger long, long o'er the scene
  That seemed happy and sweet to me then—
And memory once more bring back the fond theme
  Which now passes as over again.

But are these the thoughts that shall linger alone
O'er my weak and worldly mind ?
Shall I live without even a prayer to atone—
And never a better thought find ?

Oh, no ! I've a thought which reproachfully speaks
And tells me amidst my dark lot,
That by idle sorrow, and vain repining
My Creator is forgot !

Then turn from these sorrows my misled heart,
Seek forgiveness while 'tis given,
And remember through mercy pure bliss is obtained,
And life—after death, in heaven !

TO A STAR.

Beautiful star ! I'll watch thee now ;
For 'tis only now that I may,
For a cloud I see that is rolling on,
To blot thy brightness away.

Yes, I'll gaze on thee now, sad and alone,
And think of the time gone by,
When last I gazed, but along with one
Whose image shall never die !

But the cloud it is come, and passes between
The earth and thy lonely light;
And a weight, (like that cloud) of sorrow I feel
In this desolate hour of night.

For when last I noticed thy faint meek ray,
No clouds intercepted thy beam,
And the soft, sweet light that shone from thee
Like a beacon of hope did gleam.

And little I thought, in that sweet happy hour
When together we spoke and thought,
That the moments of joy my vain heart felt,
Were so dearly to be bought.

But cease my heart, and look above
At the clouds which have gathered now,
And, say, can you feel no thought but of love
Nought greater! to which you should bow!

Is there not something awful and sad,
To be felt as these dark clouds roll
Something that says both the good and the bad
Have alike, the same treasure—a soul?

Oh! yes,—they remind me of time and its flight,
Of life, its sorrows, and joys,
And sadness which passes like them, while hope
The heart (like that star) alloys.

Then look and think on, tho' the star be now hid
That brought the remembrance of one
For whom my prayers shall be passed as long
'Till the thread of my life be spun.

For a foreboding spirit whispers me now,
And tells me, hope, and her light
Have fled, and the clouds I look upon,
I may take for my sad prototype.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Thy body has gone, to its home of rest,
To its dark and narrow bed,
The death stone lies on thy silent breast,
And the green turf at thine head.

We can hear no more, thy happy voice,
Nor watch thy look of bliss;
Thou hast gone, we may hope, to a better world,
And fled from the sorrows of this.

Often I've seen thee, pass the spot,
Where thy body now rests in peace;
But thou did'st not think, in that gladsome hour,
That thy life so soon would cease.

For thy parents worldly hopes were fixed,
On that which thou might'st be;
And many a fevered thought of pride,
Was felt, by them for thee.

The day had but dawned, on thy pleasure yet,
And little thou'dst borne of strife,
And thy happy years were short and young,
When the sun set on thy life.

Thy last farewell was given to all,
Thy last deep breath was taken;
Thy life had passed—thou slept in death
But where would thy spirit waken!

Thy sins perchance were washed away,
And mercy to thee was given,
And thy soul burst through the bonds of death
Unto everlasting heaven.

I passed the grave where thy cold heart laid,
And marked the pale marble stone,
And I thought of the time when I might lay,
In the cold—damp earth—alone.

Thy nearer friends, may sadly weep,
And vainly mourn for thee;
My tears, a kind of joy, will feel
When I hope thy companion to be.

The heart most sadden'd best can tell,
  The joy that's felt when death seems near,
When all our hopes, are placed above
  We'll leave this vale without a tear.

When we can calm our troubled thought,
  And think of those who are gone before,
We'll gladly hope to pass from earth,
  And meet where we part no more!

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS.

COMPOSED AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Farewell! my friend, the time may come,
  When we shall meet again;
We hope the hours of joy will soon
  Succeed to those of pain.

We must part now, and perhaps 'twill be
  Long e're again, we meet,
Nay, even fate, may ne'er allow;
Our hearts a time so sweet.

We cannot tell, we may not know,
  Of that which ne'er is told
Our path through life, of joy or woe,
  Its end will but unfold.

Youth's time of joy is rolling on,
Its flowers perhaps soon will fade,
Then for the matron years of life,
If still death's hand be stayed.

I hope it will; and may thy life
Be but a pleasant dream,
Of joy, of peace, content, and love,
And of a higher theme.

A theme that can prepare thee for,
The place of rest that's given,
An everlasting day of peace,
A blessed home in heaven!

And if on earth we ne'er may meet,
Nor joy nor sorrow share,
When death is o'er—Oh! then to spend,
A life eternal—there!

THE BITTEREST TEAR.

Oh! there is a tear that is sometimes shed,
After friends have been parted long,
When the fearful doubt of sincerity's fled,
And they welcome them back with song.

And there are tears, yes, sorrowful tears,
That the broken-hearted can feel,
When they think of the hopes of their long past years,
Now vanished away like a dream!

And there is a tear,—a deep felt tear,
That the eye of youth can let fall,
When it bids farewell to the thing it holds dear,
The being most loved of all!

But there is a tear of bitterness keen,
That the saddest of heart can but shed
When around there is gloom—and a death has been,
And the bright one, the beauty, has fled.

When the flower that bloomed lovely—the being that shone,
And cheered with bright smiles, our pathway,
When the joy we have felt, with the child that is gone,
Will return not—but vanish away!

Oh! this is the time when gathered around,
We gaze on the lifeless and dear—
Our voices are hushed—we utter no sound,
But let fall the sad—bitterest tear.

THE PARTING AND MEETING

Farewell! a sad farewell to thee,
The thoughts of future years
Will oftimes bring this hour to me,
Of fruitless sighs and tears.

The time of parting now is o'er,
And the farewell sigh is past
But the thought of thee will evermore,
On my broken spirit last.

Oh we may never meet again,
As we have met before;
Our meeting will be when the wail,
Of life and death is o'er.

Our farewell now on earth is given,
'Mid unhappy thoughts and fears,
But our meeting perhaps may be in heaven,
Through contritions healing tears.

Then, oh, farewell! though still on earth
Our retrospect looks sad,—
The meeting after our second birth,
May still be sweet and glad.

'Twill be when worldly hopes have fled,
And thoughts we ne'er can tell,
When remembrance of this hour be dead
And of this long farewell.

When this world's vanities are unmasked,
With all their deadly stings,
And the calm collected prayer is asked
That relief to the sad heart brings.

When reflection's thought shall chase the fears,
That are caused by drooping love,
And the brightening hopes of our ending years,
Shall rest on the world above.

But not 'till then may we hope to meet,
Though mercy so great be given,
Our hearts must be humble with grace replete
E're our souls can rejoice in heaven.

ADIEU.

Adieu! the tears once vainly shed,
For thee—are now for ever dried;
The wasted thought of love is fled;
And all my future hopes belied.

I did not know thee, what thou wert,
When first I watched thy glowing look,
So fraught with truth, I wrongly thought,
And all thy glaring faults mistook.

I know thee now too well alas!
In real truth, thy follies shine,
Vain heartless one, thou ne'er shalt have,
Another bitter tear of mine.

For oh! the charm is broken now,
The vision of deceit is flown;
The pang—if ever any's felt,
By thee it will be only known.

Much baser thou can'st never prove,
Much better thou wilt never be,
Thy vice hath made thee what thou art,
And vice will e'er remain with thee.

But why should I waste thought and time,
On one so worthless, one so vain,
Farewell! a last farewell of mine!
I ne'er will wake thy name again!

Yet though when years of time are fled,
And thou art better'd, made anew—
Perchance we meet,—but, oh! 'till then—
A long, but not a sad adieu!

The time is past, the time when hope,
Could cheer my heart and raise my soul—
Above things earthly, but, alas!
My spirit then knew no control.

My thoughts were light, my days were clear—
Without a cloud they journeyed on;
The golden dreams of youth were mine!
But now where are they?—they are gone!

Yes, gone, for though I still can smile—
And with some few a pleasure find,
I've known another time since then,
That's left a lasting trace behind.

And still 'twill be what e'er my lot,
Whilst onward through my life I speed,
From the deep trace of one time past,
I on this earth shall ne'er be freed.

LINES.

The time will come when I shall rest,
When fevered feeling will have fled,
When withered hope can bloom no more
And this frail body then be dead.

I ne'er can feel the joy I've felt—
The youthful joy, so glad, so free;
Or, if I feel a gleam once more,
A sad, a sickening joy 'twill be!

I had not thought 'twould be my lot—
To wander through my path on earth
So sadly chilled by sorrow's touch;
Oh! no, for I had thoughts of mirth,

Delusive hope had twined her round
This heart now darkened, dull and drear,
And pleasure laughed—but now 'tis gone,
And left me melancholy here.

But with my greatest joy there's been—
A boding voice of future care,
Of sorrowing ill that might befall,
Which seem'd to whisper soft—beware.

And now that sad thought's realized,
And all my fairy dream is fled,
The cold regret alone is left,
That sickens in this burning head.

The fever'd thought of love is gone,
And left a gloom nought can dispel,
Oh! why was I not in my tomb
Ere this sad lot for me befell?

Why have I lain on that sick bed,
Where thoughts of death passed sweetly by,
Why did I gladly bid farewell
To this vain world, and still not die?

Was it to meet a shock like this—
To rend my sense, my heart in twain,
I've lived 'till now—and placed on earth
Affections I can ne'er regain.

Oh! have you ever felt the pang
The proud heart feels when hope is fled?
When humbled with unnumbered woes—
It wishes to be cold and dead!

Such is the pang that rends my heart,
Such the wild sob that chokes my breath,
And such the woes I've found on earth
That, in despair, I wish for death.

But, pause awhile!—and deeply think,
On all thy vain and earthly love,
Thy wasting hours; then turn from these
And kneel to him who reigns above.

Oh! yes, be calm, my feelings now,
My throbbing heart be humbly still,
His mercy's great—his power unknown,
Oh, God!—I bend me to thy will.

LINES WRITTEN UPON REFLECTION.

And is it thus my life shall speed unheeded passing by,
And is it thus the last dark hour of death shall still draw nigh,
Without a thought of aught beyond this earthly world's dark fears,
This useless pageant of deep grief, of bursting sighs and tears?

Shall the vain and fleeting pleasures of life's troubled time be all
That bind my heart, as with a spell, in their everlasting thrall,
Shall they, deceiving phantoms, no sooner felt than gone
Be the visions of delight that shall cheer my heart alone?

Oh! no, it must not be—for a more substantial gleam
Will surely throw around me a happier, lovlier, beam,
Yes, religious deepening thought will ever haunt me still,
And whisper mid my saddest hours, 'tis thine almighty will.

Oh! then I will not murmur, tho' darkening clouds of gloom
Seem now to hang around me, and mark my future doom,
They cannot last forever—they too away must glide,
When death shall sever from me—this life's fast flowing tide.

But perhaps one fate may lead us through sad sorrows for awhile,
That the joys we after them may feel may on us brighter smile,
That our meeting next may be when the wail of sorrow's o'er,
And the sad unhappy feelings be known by us no more.

When the cold and distant looks that we have exchanged are fled,
And the mem'ry of unpleasant things be ever with us dead,
That our kindred hearts may feel the joy of love and peace,
And breathe one great Creator's praise, till life itself shall cease.

But, Oh! this may not be—perhaps a gloomier fate is ours,
And the cloud may ever on us rest, that now around us lowers,
Our life's dull dream may still be passed mid disappointment's gloom,
Till we reach our last sad earthly home, the cold and silent tomb!
And there we'll hope to rest—till the awful heavenly voice
Shall call upon our happy souls, and bid them to rejoice.

MY SISTER.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROSABELLE.

Dear child! how many fond ideas,
  Are wakened at thy name:
The memory of thy short past years,
  That ne'er will come again,
The joyful hours once spent with thee,
That never more on earth will be.

The things thou lov'd'st on earth are here,
  The green fields and the flowers,
The sun—the moon—they both shine clear
  Upon thy once loved bowers,
Yes, all that met thy smiling face,
Yet thou hast sought a happier place.

We cannot bring thee to our view,
  However bright it be,
The dearest thing with us below,
  Is nothing now like thee!
The thing that once did bless our eyes
Can ne'er be matched but in the skies.

Yes, thou hast died, and all the hopes,
  That filled thy parents' hearts
Are gone—and in their stead are placed
  Dread grief's heart-rending darts,
To think amid their fancies wild
They've lost their sweet beloved child!

But, should they weep and think of thee
  As though thy life were o'er,
And that the sleep they saw thee in,
  Would last for evermore?
No! while they gazed on thy pale form,
Thy soul already was new-born.

Then shall we still in sorrow mourn
  And waste our few short years,
Since thou art landed safe at home
  We'll bid farewell to fears,
And teach our wayward hearts to know,
'Twas God who dealt the fatal blow.

The memory of thy short sweet life,
A source of joy should prove,
And whisper 'mid our worldly strife,
Forget not him above,
For he from whom thy life was given
Reclaimed thy soul unto its heaven.

Then as our journey speedeth on,
And life draws to its close,
We know our Rosabelle is gone
To where there are no woes;
We'll humbly pray—through grace to share
Her happiness. and meet her there.

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING ROSABELLE'S GRAVE.

I've gazed upon a spot of ground,
With dim and tearful eyes,
I've stood upon a grassy mound,
And breathed forth heart felt sighs.

I've traced a sweet remembered name
Upon a church yard stone;—
And oh! the anguish then that came,
To me was only known

I've thought upon thee as thou wert
In bright and happy years,
And oh! the memory that it brought,
Was known but by my tears.

The time when with thy childish glee
Our life was blest on earth,
Thou turn'd'st what seem'd all sad to me,
Unto thy wonted mirth.

The birds that warble forth their lays,
Remind me of thy song,
The clouds remind me of thy days
That passed so swift along.

The flowers that shed their sweet perfume,
Then droop—and fade away,
Remind me of thy earthly bloom,
And of thy swift decay.

Yes, all that's bright on earth below,
And beautiful to see—
With all that fancy can bestow,
Remind me but of thee.

Remembrance! what a spell thou hast!
Thou touchest but a spring,
When lo! what visions of the past
Are instant on the wing.

And so it was upon that spot
Where thou in peace art laid
Thoughts came—that ne'er shall be forgot,
Nor hopes that will be staid.

The thought that thou had'st passed away
And left us but a stone—
To tell us where our sister lay,
Our Rosabelle had gone.

But, oh ! a happier thought than this
Arose amid my gloom,
It whispered of a world of bliss,
Beyond thy narrow tomb.

The scene was changed—regret had flown,
The fear—the doubt—had fled,
I felt thou did'st not lay alone,
Thy spirit was not dead.

'Twas but removed from the earth
Unto a purer sky,
Thy soul had known a second birth,
And lived to never die.

My tears were dried—my sighs were hushed,
My heart was humbled low,
And feelings calm—so lately flushed
With unspeakable woe.

But it may be—if e'er again
I look upon the stone
That bears the record of thy name,
The dearest name I've known.

The same fond tear for thee may start,
And memory assail—
The affection of my loving heart
Thy absence still bewail.

And whil'st in mem'ry we recall
The life we could not save,
A sister's bitter tear shall fall
Upon thy hallowed grave.

MUSINGS IN SOLITUDE.

'Tis a pleasant scene that meets mine eye,
And a sound of mirth I hear,
Yet my heart is troubled with a sigh,
And my eye dimm'd with a tear.

There's a fragrance in the evening breeze,
As it gently sighs along,
And a rustling 'mong the boughs of trees,
Where the birds have sung their song.

And the fairest flowers are blooming now,
  And the trees look fresh and green,
And a happy smile on every brow
  That meets my gaze is seen.

Then why should my heart alone be sad,
  When pleasure beameth on all?
Even nature bids my soul be glad,
  But it heeds not to her call.

For there is a voice that softly breaks,
  And sounds in my troubled mind,
I list to it now, for, oh! it wakes,
  The bliss that is gone behind.

One voice is wanting mine ear to greet,
  One beautiful sight to bless,
Mine eyes,—ere my mind can ever meet
  On earth its true happiness.

One tender bud—one of spring's wild flowers,
  That was promising to see,
Must bloom again—ere these happy bowers
  As bright as they were—will be.

One heavenly smile, that once did shed
  Its radiance o'er one brow,
Again its sunshine must send—instead
  Of death's shade that wraps it now.

One lovely child—one dear Rosabelle—
  One sister that *is* no more,
Again must *be* ere my heart can swell
  With joy as it did before.

But, hush! vain language and wishes wrong,
  Let your sinful cravings rest,
Would ye lament with a saddened song
  O'er the memory of the blest?

She may not dwell in this earth again,
  Though short was her passage here,
For where she is she will e'er remain,
  Nor return thy heart to cheer.

But, oh! could'st thou see the place to where
  Her spirit so pure hath flown,
Thou would'st not murmur, nor even dare
  To breathe forth sigh or moan.

But thou would'st rejoice in thankful praise,
  And thy soul's desire and pray'r
Would be—that quickly might pass thy days,
  So that thou might'st meet her there.

WRITTEN ON THE EVENING OF THE 1st NOV. 18[illegible]

Who can express the beauty of this night,
What hand, however skilled can paint this scene,
Whilst thou calm planet, sheddest forth thy light
And ever and anon, bright clouds between
The earth and thee—pass swiftly lightly by,
And borne upon the gale comes the night's soft sigh.

No hurrying sound, no busy work is now
Afloat, and as I silent gaze upon
Thy holy beams, peace comes I know not how,
And bids each earth born passion to be gone,
My soul obeys, now for an hour of peace,
Restless ideas, vain hopes a moment cease.

Cease for awhile at least, and let deep thought
Usurp dominion o'er my mind now calm,
That from thy view the world rise and be taught
By objects that for thee produce a charm—
A charm that can dispel earth's vain delight,
And bring the joys of heaven into thy sight.

Watch yon bright planet, as it tranquil beams
In silent majesty serene on high
Observe yon distant clouds, whilst on them gleams
Pale light now brightening as they come more nigh ;
Onward they glide as though they did desire
The beauty to o'ershade, of yon pale fire,

They still approach and as they draw more near,
Their silver outlines lightly tinged shine,
More brightly, as the placid moon's rays clear,
Grow dim, and now entirely decline;
As passing swiftly they her light obscure,
And deep in gloom her lovliness immure.

Such is thy earthly lot, bright hopes awhile,
Are with thee, and shed a radiance round,
Youth can afford some joys that may beguile,
But on through life, and more of woes are found,
Though light, and distant they at first appear
Deeper they settle and all bright hope sere.

But as I muse, the clouds I see have passed
And brilliant beams burst on my sight once more,
Remnants still float, but off they follow fast
And night's bright queen looks tranquil as before
And as she sheds around, her holy light,
My soul's in rapture with the heavenly sight.

So shall thy lot be, if pursuing still
The path of righteousness on earth below,
Though sorrow meet thee—yet, no lasting ill
Will find, but peace will ever round thee glow;
And when the dream of this short life is o'er,
To light like this, and bliss will upwards soar.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Farewell! farewell! the tender chord
By which my heart was bound,
Is broken, and the name of love
Is but a worthless sound.

It has no longer influence o'er
A single thought of mine,
Its brightest beam looks sad and dark,
Its sun has ceased shine.

Its joys, its cares, its hopes, its fears—
That rose within my mind,
Are now dispell'd, nor have they left,
A single trace behind.

Its joys—they were not real joys;
Its cares were fancied woe,
And its hopes were such delusions
As love will e'er bestow.

Its fears were groundless, and the light
Of reason—had it shed
Its tranquil beam upon my path—
Those foolish fears had fled.

And thou, the poor deluded one!
For whom my soul was stirr'd—
Thy memory's but a painful thought,
Thy name's a pitied word.

I have not even one desire
That we should meet again,
To see thee now would be no more
Of pleasure than of pain.

It adds no sorrow to my heart
That thus our love is past,
I do but wonder that for thee—
Mine, till so long would last.

But could the vain illusion break,
Before the spell was o'er,
The dream was strong—yet, now my heart
Is free for evermore.

A glory that my chain is burst,
That freed I now can tell—
Youth's vainest follies o'er, and love
May take my last farewell!

STANZAS TO ———

My thoughts of thee have cooler grown,
  My heart has felt a change;
Since last we parted I have known
  Of that which can estrange
The fondest love from earthly things,
And bid all worldly hope take wings.

But still the time when last we met,
  Fond memory will renew;
My nature's frailty can't forget
  The parting word— that drew
The deep—the heart-felt bursting sigh,
That told my bosom's agony.

For thou, alone, wast then to me
  The creature dearest prized,
My greatest joy was loving thee
  My heart's then idolized!
My soul could seek no higher strain,
Than to be loved—and love again.

But since that time, oh! what has passed,
  Of sorrow deep and keen?
Tis well this wildness should not last,
  And better had'st not been;
For—though the spell be charmed away,
Yet round me will it sometimes play.

What were the brightest happy gleams,
That passion for us gained ?
They were but brief and fading beams,
That vanished ere attained,
And such is all this earth's vain pleasure,
Lasting nought—save one blest treasure.

Then let us of that one partake,
Be it our guide henceforth,
Remembrance must the past forsake
For more substantial worth ;
Holy desires past thoughts deface,
And earthly love to them gives place.

And, if our hearts can equal feel—
The tranquil that they give
In prayer request each others weal—
And thus learn how to live—
Then may we learn through grace to know
Grace reigns above if not below.

But if thy spirit cannot yield,
And still this earth prevail,
Why, then, my thoughts on thee are sealed,
Nor words—nor looks avail,
But still my prayer, my hope will be,
With this last strain of mine to thee

WRITTEN ON THE ENVELOPE OF A LITTLE BOOK WHICH CONTAINED SOME DRIED LEAVES, GATHERED BY MY SISTER ROSABELLE.

The hands that cull'd these leaves are cold,
The eyes that beamed so bright,
Are closed in death, yet they have told
Of childhood's deep delight,
When in thy gleesome artless way,
"Look at my flowers," I've heard thee say.

Thy voice we may not hear again,
Thy form we may not see,
'Till, freed from every mortal pain,
Our souls may dwell with thee
And cull those never withering flowers
That bloom in heaven's eternal bowers.

A SEARCH AFTER JOY.

I have sought for joy—the lively dance
Where faces and hearts appeared gay;
And the music's tone—and the smiling glance
Seem'd to vanish all gloom away.

But I found it not, tho' I perhaps might look
Truly happy and free from care,
For there came a voice which I could not brook
And the joy I sought was not there.

I had heard there were joys in friendship found,
For a friend I eagerly sought,
But alas! the name—it is but a sound,
With which nought of pleasure is fraught.

I have mingled among the busy crowd
Where pleasure was laughing in glee,
But I turn'd away, for its mirth so loud,
Could never afford joy to me.

I have sought the green fields, when none were near,
And my heart felt peaceful and mild
As I look'd on the streams so smooth and clear,
And the flowers as they grew so wild.

But though calm was my soul yet there arose
In my inner-self a sound,
That whispered though peace from thy earthly woes
Is here, yet joy thou hast not found.

I have knelt at midnight when all was still
And my heart was heavy with grief,
I have knelt, I have hoped, and prayed until,
Joy, even joy, has given relief.

'Twas such joy as the soul can only feel
When released from all doubts and fears,
It breathes a prayer whilst repentance will steal
On the heart, and dissolve into tears.

'Twas joy too great in this life to last long—
The only true joy on earth given—
'Twas rapture most blissful, for oh! its song
Spoke but of forgiveness and heaven!

MAN.

But such is man!—unfathomably strange!
Always deceitful when most kind appearing,
Wishing from every flower he meets to range,
Yet, to each one, to seem the most endearing,
His own proud vanity no deep guile fearing.

Loving! yet trying to conceal its pow'r,
Till knowing himself beloved, and that once known,
Changes his fancied passion of an hour,
For the once fond love, now a tyrant grown
Spurns the won heart, he strove to make his own.

STANZAS.

I saw thee—and I marked thee well,
I know thy meaning now
That one brief gaze can more than tell,
What tongue can e'er avow

And can it be a whispered tale
As truth should be received,
Can falsehood e'er the heart prevail,
Is calumny believed ?

It is enough ! I know the whole,
The work of meanest minds,
No conscious error smites my soul
No guilt my spirit finds.

Yet—ere I leave thee—with thy fame
Foes have been busy too,
I heard them mingle with thy name
That which could not be true.

I heard them—but the sounds I heard
No further proof could shew,
I knew the falseness of each word,
Thou could'st not stoop so low !

STANZAS,

COMPOSED IN A SEASON OF DEJECTION.

I know not why my wearied soul should feel
So sadly wretched, and so fill'd with gloom ;
Oh ! will there never o'er my spirit steal
A brighter ray its darkness to relume !

I cannot bear this rankling care of mind—
I cannot quell the raging of my heart,—
When shall I from its strife a rest e'er find?
Oh! from its tempest toil, when shall I part?

I'm sick of life's dull, heavy, anxious thought,
Of all its foolish joys, its worn out bliss,
For which I once with fancied pleasure sought
And hoped to find in such a world as this!

I'm tired of all—my heart is listless grown,
Even to scenes that once so bright appeared
And though among dear friends, sadly alone
I feel, since peace of mind has disappeared.

I may but wish, since hope I can no more,
And wish I will, though vain that wish will be,
It is—that this life's care may soon be o'er,
And from my present pain I them may flee.

Oh! that my loving spirit might take wings,
And soar to where no worldly fears infest,
To some bright spot free from all earthly things,
Then fold them calmly in a tranquil rest,
A lasting rest until the trumpet's sound shall break,
The solemn tombs, and bid the dead awake!

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ——

WHO WAS LOST IN THE WRECK OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE.

She saw the foaming billows rise,
  She viewed the angry clouds
In dark array spread o'er the skies,
  That seemed like gloomy shrouds
Prepared already to enroll,
And sweep them to their watery gaol.

She heard the shriek of wild despair,
  The cries of children young,
As at one awful stroke, they were
  Engulphed the waves among,
One feeble struggle—and no more—
They sunk, their struggles all were o'er.

The dying groan—the suffering form—
  The effort vain for life—
The raging madness of the storm,
  That severed man and wife,
Parent and child and friend so dear,
Sad sights to see—sad sounds to hear!

But, oh ! what did she feel ? tho' still
And calm the wreck she viewed ;
Who, who shall tell the thoughts that fill
A heart so deep imbrued
As her's, and in the fearful strife
Contested then 'twixt death and life ?

Yet, had she other things—her mind
To rack with torturing pain ;
Belov'd ones she had left behind—
Left ne'er to meet again !
Husband and children—these are ties
To which her longing spirit flies.

A wife, a mother who shall know
The anguish of her heart ?
Th' unutterable pang of woe
At having thus to part !
What would she at that moment give,
To see them once again and live ?

But, oh ! it may not be, the waves
Rise higher o'er her head ;
She sees among the ocean's caves
Floating, the slumb'ring dead ;
A prayer she breathes to God on high,
Nor shudders at mortality.

Perchance she prayed for faith to guide
  Her trembling spirit through;
For grace, that calm her soul might glide
  Unto its life anew;
For mercy, that death's storm when o'er
Would land her safe on heaven's bright shore.

Then mourn not, though she was beloved,
  Her mem'ry still be dear,
Nor murmur that she is removed
  From every sorrow here:
Her pray'r was heard and now above
She dwells with God in heavenly love.

TO ———

Oh! blame me not, there hath no change
  Passed o'er my wretched heart,
Oh! deem not that I wish to range,
  Or from truth to depart.

Oh! no, there is no severing
  The tie bound round my soul,
Though love's bright bloom is withering
  Beneath fate's dark control.

Still beats my fondest pulse for thee,
And, oh! this prayer is mine—
Though wearied my lone heart may be,
There may be rest for thine.

I would avert despair's wild strife
That o'er the bosom steals,
The sickening of this mortal life
The worn-out spirit feels.

I would but guide thee to that peace
Which I may never know;
And bid each worldly care to cease,
Thy life to mar with woe.

Then, oh! forget me, and the hours
Together we have passed,
Ere faded were life's freshest flowers,
That o'er our path seem'd cast.

Remember not the hopes that fill'd
Our bosoms with new light,
Nor ever think of joys instill'd
By love's warm soft delight.

Shun every spot that but affords
To prove our hearts bereaved,
And, oh! forget those fond sweet words
To me were ever breathed.

It must be so, since we may not
Meet as we've met before,
I do but wish by thee forgot
Things that may pass no more.

It is to save thy heart from pain,
(The sorrow but be mine)
That here we ne'er shall meet again,
And man should not repine.

'Tis but for weaker womankind
To droop beneath a pang,
To tremble when grief's load doth find
A heart whereon to hang.

To mourn in sadness when alone,
Yet to the world, to seem
A happy being, and to own
The pleasures of life's dream.

A little while to wander here
With smiles upon her cheek,
Yet, shed in solitude the tear
That tells her heart must break.

And when the wearied frame is tired
Of struggling here below,
And every fever'd flame's expired
Of mortal burning woe.

Then calmly breathe for him a prayer,
Then gently waft a sigh
Of deep contrition to the air—
Then close her eyes—and die.

A DEPARTING SPIRIT'S FAREWELL.

I feel the breath of life grow faint within my breast,
As softly o'er my heart now steals this gentle rest;
I see the twilight shade of evening spread around,
And throw its dark'ning gloom upon this earthly ground,
The voices of dear friends, in whispers sad I hear,
Yet still I may not shed for them a parting tear.
Oh! look not on these eyes, that once so brightly shone,
Soon from terrestrial things their last gaze will have gone;
Nor on my faded cheek, so deathly, damp, and cold,
Nor on my withered brow, where sorrow's tale lies told,
But listen to my voice, whilst here awhile it tell
Of things my spirit sees, beyond this world's farewell.
There is a sunshine gleaming, above these cloudy skies—
A brightness ever beaming, where nothing ever dies:
There is a land of glory, where dwelleth pure delight,
Without one falling shadow, of this world's fearful night,
There reigneth never-ending bliss, and everlasting peace,
There ever live immortal souls—tho' here to dwell they cease.
I see the beauty of their wings, now gliding through the air,
I hear their anthem as it rings, the never-ceasing prayer,

Oh! how my longing spirit pants, to be forgiven and blest,
To share their most exquisite joys—their tranquil heavenly rest:
But, hark! there is a soothing peal, now mingles with that sound,
How calmly o'er my soul does steal, a holiness profound!
It bids me hope, it bids me pray, it bids me have no fear,
To gently wing my weary way, from every trouble here,
I see a cheering ray divine, now glimmering through the gloom,
Its heavenly source I can define—it is beyond the tomb.
Farewell! again that soft sound wakes the dying pulse of life,
And fainter grows the retrospect of all past cares and strife—
Again I do behold the wings of angels spread on high,
The never withering bloom of things, that live to never die—
And now upon my raptured sight breaks life's eternal day,
Its radiance shineth on my soul, farewell—I must away!

STANZAS.

Oh! there are pleasures—pleasures deep and thrilling,
Even experienced in this vale below;
Enjoyments pure—the peaceful bosom filling
With true delight, unmixed with any woe.

Yes, there are moments most replete with brightness,
Brightness that fadeth not with midnight dreams,
But sheddest still upon the soul a lightness,
As soothing as the moonlight's tranquil beams.

Oh ! there are memories of joys departed,
Slowly that steal as dim grows evening's sky,
And hopes still living for the broken hearted,
Perchance ev'n yet, to bid their sorrows fly.

Surely 'tis happiness—when gaily leaving
Our present griefs, we fondly contemplate
Things, that perhaps may come, still disbelieving
Darker can fall the shadow of our fate.

And if felicity there be, 'tis knowing
One kindred human heart, still journies here ;
That ever with our own in union flowing,
Anticipates a time, when care and fear,
Will, with the painful past—all fade away,
As dawns a future and more lightsome day.

SONNET.

'Tis eve, the placid moon now throws
Her gentle beams athwart the trees,
And, as I gaze, a calmness glows
Within my bosom, and the breeze
Of night, now softly sweeps along,
And faintly breathes its sighing song.

Oh! evening hour, delightful time,
When life on earth can tranquil seem,
My lonely spirit now can chime
With thee its song, nor mem'ry dream,
Of blighted hopes departed joys,
Nor grief, nor care, the heart annoys,
But, happy in its peaceful mood,
My soul enjoys its solitude.

LINES

SUGGESTED WHILE LISTENING TO ECCLES CHURCH BELLS TOLLING FOR A FUNERAL.

Sadly they toll, now sounding near and strong,
Now faint and distant, on the night breeze fall,
And mingling with the blast, they sweep along
And bid defiance to all earthly thrall.

Oh, funeral chime! with what deep awful force,
Thy strokes can bring my proudest hopes to dust!
Thy sounds but reach mine ear, there's no resource,
But list unto it till it's o'er I must.

It stirs reflection—and it bids it dwell
On things less fleeting than belong this earth,
While every stroke seems solemnly to tell
The insignificance of earthly worth.

Would that the influence of the holy calm
I feel, when listening to thy awful sound,
Might quell the sin of every worldly charm,
And guide my spirit where sweet grace is found,
So that before my funeral chime be peal'd,
Religion's truth be to my soul reveal'd.

STANZAS.

Come solemn night, and spread thy wings
Of darkness o'er this landscape fair,
For the dark gloom their shadow flings,
But suits a heart so worn by care
As mine is now; so sad—so lone—
So weary of this world's dull fears
It feels; for where joy once was known,
Now nought but dreariness appears.

Oh! yes, a dreary shade's come o'er
The hopes that filled my heart so vain,
And friends that were, now are no more,
Nor will they ever be again
As once they were; alas! to dwell
On hopes, on friends, so prized, so dear
Now fled, it breaks my heart to tell
They both were false, like all else here.

EPITAPH FOR A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A spring flower lies beneath this stone,
  Its earthly bloom is o'er;
And here, decayed, it rests alone,
  Till death's reign be no more.

When from this sod its roots shall spring,
  And be transplanted where
Death may not come, nor withering,
  To blight its blossoms fair;
But where, removed from its cold tomb
Shall live in heaven's unfading bloom.

A FRAGMENT.

She slept, and as I gently press'd her cheek,
  'Twas warm, and a low breathing sound I heard,
I wish'd a prayer, a prayer I could not speak—
  I left her; but without a parting word;
My heart was sad—but hope, vain hope, still shed
  Her beams delusive, o'er my sorrow'd mind,
And still unhappy thoughts my soul o'erspread,
  Though friends were with me that were truly kind.

Time passed—I saw her once again, she slept,
I kissed her, but her cheek was warm no more,
I looked upon her calmly, and I wept,
For that one look revealed that life was o'er:
But on that countenance I could not gaze,
Nor feel that peace unto the soul was given,
I could not think of that dear child's past ways,
Nor feel assured her resting place was heaven.

THE HOUR I LOVE.

When the light of day is over,
And the busy sound of life,
When calmed are all the feelings
Of tumult, noise, and strife.

When hushed in holy silence,
The world seems to the mind—
A vast and troubled ocean
Wherein no rest we find.

When imagination pictures
The joys we cannot see,
And hope in fancy sees afar,
The things that are to be.

When the soul in deep religion,
Can commune with above,
Forgeting then all other things,
This is the hour I love!

MUSINGS

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE 1st SEPTEMBER, [redacted]

The night is calm—the moon is risen high,
And sheds upon this earth her tranquil beam,
I hear a solemn sound of music nigh,
And gaze, and half believe that 'tis a dream,
So soft, so peaceful looks the scene around,
Whilst floating like a requiem comes that sound.

Oh! surely 'tis the time when human thought,
The best can raise itself above vain things;
And feeling with a holy influence fraught,
Can know the peace a calmed spirit brings
And taste the bliss, a contrite heart but knows,
That seeks relief from him who felt our woes.

Yes, 'tis a time when my weak mind aspires
To hold communion with a soul that's fled;
To seek an answer to my lone desires
From a departed one, whose life once shed
A sunshine o'er our worldly anxious fears,
And turned to joy our sorrows and our tears.

To thee, I speak—oh spirit! sister dear!
What glories dost behold in that blest place?
What wonders greet thy sight, what sounds thy ear,
What heavenly beauties shine around thy face?
Oh! answer, that mortality may know,
Of that which immortality can shew!

Thou answer'st not:—the moon still shines as clear,
The breeze still lightly plays around my head,
That soothing sound of melody's still near—
But thou, departed loved one, hast not said
Of what thy joys consist—of what is given
To a pure spirit when it enters heaven.

Nor shall it be—thy voice on earth again,
Whilst mortal I shall never comprehend,
The knowledge of thy speech I may know, when
The things of earth to me have had an end,—
When through the shades of death my soul will speed
From sin, from flesh, from earth, from sorrow freed.

Then peace, my mind!—be calm; thou know'st well
What the Almighty to his creatures gave,—
His word, his will—his book alone can tell;
His grace, his mercy, his forgiveness save;
Thus am I answered, this my soul may know,
While with my frame, it journies here below.

And thou, blest spirit! dear departed shade,
For that which thou enjoy'st my soul may long,
Thou know'st the glories that shall never fade,
And thou hast joined the everlasting song.
Thy life to us, a guiding star shall be,—
A beacon, lighting to eternity.

STANZAS.

We have met again—and my saddened heart
Feels still more sad and broken,
Thy word, thy look, why should I mind
Since now the truth is spoken?

Could I mistake thy look?
Could my proud heart mislead me?
It has done so—then why waste thought
On that which has deceived me?

It is a sweet and silent night,
And the silver moon is beaming,
How peaceful seems her heavenly look
As through my room 'tis gleaming

Unlike the busy deeds of life
Is thy pale placid beam,
Thou sheddest upon the world at large
A melancholy gleam.

That blue expanse, that deepening vault
Where still no end I see,
There can I gaze, and only think,
On other things than thee.

A deeper thought inspires my soul,
To holier things I bow,
There is a something for me still;
I can forget thee now!

There's heaven above me, and the moon
Sheds comfort on my heart:
It bids me seek religious truths,
And act a wiser part.

My soul obeys—and now farewell,
Oh love! thy days are past—
A stronger hold has on me now—
Oh! may it longer last.

REMONSTRANCE TO MY SISTER AFTER SINGING A FAVOURITE SONG.

Oh! linger once more to wake those notes,
Repeat that much loved strain,
And let me, whilst its sweetness floats,
Taste wildest bliss again.

Why bid such heartfelt pleasure spring,
Such rapture deep and strong;
Then careless let it take its wing,
And pause upon thy song.

Oh! strike the melody I love,
So that the magic sound;
May reach the heavenly choir above,
Then to my soul rebound.

Resume the music of that lay,
That harmony of tone;
Before the spell quite die away,
And joy so transient is flown.

For surely tis a charm divine,
Infused by that soft swell,
That deigns around my heart t' entwine,
And all its trouble quell.

But oh! the feeling grows less bright,
The rapturous joys all fade;
And nothing save the chequered light,
Of things past can pervade.

Then pause no more—but linger here
Awhile, and sing the strain;
That only can recall the dear
Fond vision once again!

STANZAS.

Why should we think of joys gone by ?
Why should we hope for things to be
That may not come ; why vainly sigh
O'er visions our eyes may never see ?

Why have affection for earthly things ?
Things that can feel not as we can feel ;
Their love is not long ere it taketh wings,
Nor cares for the heart it has sought to steal.

Why regret for friends that are fled,
Friends we had thought were truly our own ?
Why should we mourn o'er the silent dead,
Since they, the beloved, for ever are flown ?

Why have a care, a thought, or a fear
For aught that dwelleth on earth below ?
Since naught remains in this cold world here,
They all may come, but they all will go.

Yes, joy may come, with its pleasant smile,
And hope may beam with a steady light,
Like a shooting star, that beams awhile
So calm, then vanishes from the sight.

And love may bloom in the happy heart,
  Like buds of promise its thoughts may be ;
But a blast will come—its bloom depart,
  And nothing leave but a withered tree.

And friends may come with their words so kind,
  And their faces be seemingly fair;
But these are all, for, alas ! the mind—
  Ye never will meet with friendship there.

And those we love best may be, one day,
  Like the fairest flow'rs that brightly bloom,
Another comes—they have passed away,
  Their beauty is withering in the tomb.

Then why feel sorrow on heart and brain,
  For things that come, but so quickly go ?
Better forget the past, nor again
  Let the thought of earthly joy or woe
Disturb the current of life's dull stream,
That onward glides through this mortal dream.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON OBSERVING A LITTLE GIRL WHO GREATLY RESEMBLED ROSABELLE, NOT FAR FROM PRESTWICH CHURCH

MY SISTER.

I passed a child but, oh! 'twas such a child
As I had never seen but once before,
Joy in each feature, yet a joy so mild,
And the bright healthy glow that spread them o'er,
Was like unto that tint which ever throws
Its radiant colour o'er the blooming rose.

Those eye's dark shade, and oh! the beauteous light
That glanced beneath those fringed lids, were thine;
Those smiling lips, that told the heart's delight,
Were such as thou hadst once; I could define
In that soft tread, the very sound that came
With thy own footsteps, aye, the very same!

I pressed that hand, I spoke, and oh! the sound
Of the sweet voice that answered, soft the tone,
Yet deep and thrilling, and I gazed around—
Surely that voice to me was not unknown.

I once had heard it, now again it came,
Just as it used to be, so sweet and clear ;
Those eyes, those lips, that form, the very same
As once were thine ; again I saw them here,
And, as I gazed, my soul enraptured grew,
Would that the vain delusion had been true.

Onward I passed—I stood beside a stone,
And oh ! a stone remembered far too well ;
I looked upon it, and thy name alone
Was all I saw, my heart with grief did swell.
Sadly I turned away, for oh ! I deemed
I had just seen thy face ; alas ! I dreamed.

I turned again unto the stone, and wept ;
I thought upon that beauteous child like thee,
And gazed at the sod 'neath which thou slept ;
Thou ! did I say ?—vain, sinful, fancy flee.

Thou dost not sleep beneath that earthly sod,
Nor dost thou live, like that fair child, below,
Thy spirit is reclaimed unto its God,
Safely released from every mortal woe.
Above thou dwell'st—peace to thy soul is given,
And an eternity of bliss in heaven !

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DEPARTED CHILD.

I cannot forget thee,—at day's bright hour,
When the sunbeam shineth on all around;
When the earth is decked with many a flow'r,
And the songs of the birds have a gladsome sound.
Thou art with me then, with thy happiest smile,
And thy heart so joyful and free from guile.

I hear the soft tread of thy childish feet,
I see thy light form as it passes by;
I list to the sound of thy accents sweet,
And my voice will murmur as in reply.
But the charm dissolves, oh! the spell at last
Is but a sweet vision of what is past.

In the silence of night, when all is dark;
I watch the repose of thy tranquil sleep,
I gaze on thy face so lovely, and mark
The smile that is shed o'er thy countenance meek.
But the truth returns—oh! thou art not there,
I still see thee sleeping; but where, oh! where.

I dream, and my dreams are still of thee then;
I see thee as once thou wert wont to be,
Thy arms entwine me, I kiss thee again,
And hold thee more closely thy beauty to see,
But, oh! the illusion, I wake, the dream's o'er,
I'm lonely as ever, and thou art no more.

I would not forget thee—that one dear thought
Is the only light that brightens my gloom,
'Tis my earthly joy, if of joy there's aught
To cheer my spirit on this side the tomb,
Oh! dark would the sorrow of this world be
Were it not for the thought, my child, of thee.

I will visit thy grave again and weep,
Thy sod with my tears shall be covered o'er,
But they cannot dissolve thy icy sleep,
It will still remain as deep as before;
Since death listless has bound thee in chain
'Tis sinful to wish thee on earth again.

From thy blessed home there is no return,
Thy lot is an angel's in realms above,
I will pray, and hope that my resting bourne
May be in that land of heavenly love,
To where thou'rt gone, I will pray, I will pray—
That my soul may meet thee in endless day.

There is peace in the thought, and a less of gloom
Doth seem to dwell on my sorrowed mind,
Thy body is mouldering in the tomb,
But it still will rise and a mansion find—
A mansion of bliss, in a far off world,
Where its wings to the breeze may be safely unfurled.

Oh! then I will pray for the time to be,
When my soul may be loosed from sin and care,
And if, in heaven, on earth thou can'st see,
Oh! pray that my spirit may meet thee there,
I long for the rest that's exempt from strife,
In heaven's bright land of eternal life.

A DEPARTED SPIRIT'S REPROACH.

Weep not that my journey is o'er,
Weep not that my danger is past,
Earth's vanities can never more
The bliss I enjoy overcast.

Weep not that my spirit has fled
From sorrow, from care, and from strife,
Weep not that my body is dead,
Again it will rise unto life!

I have ceased for ever to grieve,
I have passed through death's gloomiest shade,
Heaven's glory I now would not leave
For its joy is too holy to fade.

Oh! dwell not upon that last pang
When my spirit was struggling to fly,
(From a world o'er which sorrow doth hang,)
To its mansion of peace in the sky.

That pang in a moment was o'er,
Death had not for me any sting;
Earth's dream was remembered no more
When I heard the bright Seraphim sing.

I have joined in their holiest song,
I have traversed their beautiful bowers,
I have drank of life's waters, so strong,
And cull'd "never withering flowers."

The rapture that dwells in each breast,
Whilst on earth, thou can'st never know,
And calm is our heavenly rest,
While forth from each tongue praises flow.

Then weep not that my spirit has flown,
To a world where no more it can die,
Seek him, the great God, who alone
Can fit thee to meet me on high!

DAY AND NIGHT.

'Tis pleasant to roam when the earth is gay,
And the sun sheddeth forth his light,
And the joyful look of the bright mid-day
Speaks only of life and delight.

It suits well a heart that is glad and free,
It adds joy to a happy mind,
And the merry sound of its mirth and glee
May please best the most of mankind.

But 'tis pleasanter far—oh! much more sweet
To wander when night's shadows fall,
And the pale moon is beaming forth, and greet
No sound, save some soft water-fall!

It sheds peace o'er the soul that's troubled and sad,
It calms earth's vain passions, so wild,
And the sinful feelings the heart once had,
Are exchanged for thoughts much more mild.

Night is the time when the soul truly knows
How short are the joys of life's day,
That scarcely come, ere our bodies repose
And mingle their dust with earth's clay.

AN INVITATION TO FORMER FRIENDS.

Friends of my former years, where are ye now—
Whither have strayed your footsteps from my side?
Oh! come, once more return, and tell me how
The world's dark sorrows ye have still defied?

Come, let us look again, and converse hold
As once, in younger days, we looked and spoke,
Ere the gay mirth, each day seem'd to unfold,
Was o'er, and from our dream we had awoke.

Come, and we will cull once more those lovely flowers
That used to bloom, and shed their fragrance sweet,
And let us wander through forsaken bowers
We once had loved to make our safe retreat.

Oh! let us gaze on each remembered tree,
And, as we gaze, recall each happy thought,
Come, though the scene be changed there still may be
One path with which past joy may still be fraught.

Childhood's companions! how I long to meet
As once we met, each with a smiling brow
And happy heart, again we'll fondly greet
Friends of my former years! where are ye now?

THEIR ANSWER.

Friend of our former years! thy call we hear,
Yet to obey it, is not in our power,
Or gladly, from our time's dark thought and fear
Would we return to childhood's sweetest hour.

We may not speak, as once in happy glee
We loved to converse of earth's things so fair,
For oh! our voices are now changed, we see
The joys of younger days exchanged for care.

And the fair flowers we used to fondly twine
Have faded, and their fragrance will no more
Shed its rich odour o'er our lives, nor thine,
Since the bright hopes that bloomed with them are o'er.

'Tis vain to wander o'er each once-loved scene
And mark again each fond remembered thing;
We should but now regret that what has been
May be no more, nor one past joy e'er bring.

Oh! we are altered, time has wrought a change
In all our looks, and since we parted last
Our spirits have been tried, with all things strange,
And grief upon our pathway hath been cast.

Some, from the busy scene have sunk to rest,
Then, wherefore meet, since they would not be there?
They that we loved perhaps dearest, fondest, best,
This thought alone, would turn our joy to care.

And thou, even thou who bid'st us meet again,
Art changed too; thy mind's once tranquil peace
Is turned to sorrow, and the troubled pain
That rankles deep, but never knows decrease.

Farewell ! we will not dwell on hours gone by,
They were too bright to last till now we know,
And their past bliss, but aids us to descry
More plainly, every trait of present woe.
Farewell !—till every mortal grief is o'er,
Friend of our former years !—we'll meet no more.

THE FAREWELL OF THE BROKEN HEARTED TO THE REJECTED.

Think not of me ! for my journey below
Henceforth will be but a journey of woe,
Gloomiest sorrows but mark my dark lot,
Then think not of me,—I would be forgot.

There is no pleasure my lone heart to cheer,
Never again will it meet with joy here,
Sadness hath crept o'er my spirits once light,
And every thing gay has turned from my sight.

I would not that one so happy and free
As thou in thy youth's bright day seem'st to be,
For a moment on one so sad should dwell,
As she who now bids thee her last farewell.

Hope's vain delusions for ever are o'er,
They never will cheat my wearied soul more,
Every wild passion is chased from my mind,
Though still have they left their dark trace behind.

Feelings wounded—with life's bitter cares torn,
A heart with mourning now broken and worn,
Earth's bright illusions away have all passed,
And dark is the shade that's o'er my path cast.

No peace is left my sad soul to relieve,
On to the end will it sorrow and grieve,
Think not of me—forget I am known—
Leave me to finish my passage alone.

Think not of me, oh! let thought be not deep,
Rather forget, and bid memory sleep,
Let things come and depart in glee,
But shun every thought that whispers of me.

Farewell! seek a livelier heart than mine,
A heart that can beat in union with thine,
One that has no hidden sorrow to quell,
But, oh! think not of me, farewell! farewell!

THE BRIDAL AND BURIAL—A CONTRAST.

Bright shone the sun in the heavens so high,
Not a cloud flitted over the azure sky,
All nature looked smiling, each flower, each tree,
Budding forth in its beauty, was fair to see,
And the fragrant breath of spring time did waft
Its breeze refreshing so mild and so soft.

And all through the air swell'd wildly along,
The exulting strain of the free bird's song,
Sweet seem'd the sight of each earthly thing born,
As it hailed with delight the bridal morn.
And the bride, she was lovely, dark was her hair,
Clustering in curls o'er her brow and neck fair,
Like an evening star glitter'd forth the ray
Of her placid eye on that joyous day,
Each glance as on all things around it fell
Reveal'd the deep bliss of her bosom's swell,
And her heart—oh! she deemed its last pang was o'er
When she vow'd to be his for evermore!

'Twas a moonlight eve, and the chilling breeze
Moaned sullenly through the dark forest trees,
And deep in their shadow a pile arose
Of ancient structure as white as the snows
That covered the hallowed, yet mournful ground,
Solemnly now and then fell the sad sound
Of the funeral bell, each stroke so low
But whispered the dark tale of mortal woe.
Close by the side of a lowly grave kneel'd
A form full of grace—though dimly conceal'd—
And a gleam as it fell on the manly head,
That was bending in grief o'er the silent dead,
Revealed the dark light of a wild troubled eye
That gazed in despair on the clouds passing by.
'Twas he—the bereaved one, the wretched, and lone,
With none on the wide earth to love as his own,

For she—the deplored one, the sweet bride had fled
From this earth, to slumber among the cold dead ;
And the prayer he was breathing in sorrow and gloom
Was to dwell with her still in the dreary tomb.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S LAMENT AT HER MOTHER'S TOMB.

Dear hallow'd spot ! again I come
My vigils sad to keep,
Oh ! here shall be my sacred home
Where I will kneel and weep,
While soft the breeze of night does moan,
And gleams the moonlight on this stone.

Mother—oh! from thy dark abode,
Canst thou not hear me call ?
Oh! speak—but to release the load,
That o'er my heart does fall ;
Answer—in thine own accents mild,
Oh ! converse with thy wretched child.

The world is bitter and the scorn
Of life is hard to bear ;
Since thou hast left me—never morn
Has seem'd so bright and fair ;
The sunshine and the earth's gay flowers
But whisper of departed hours.

There is no pleasure in one thing,
  My heart is sick and chill,
When will its misery take wing ?
  When will its beatings still ?
When shall I from this weight be free,
And rest in peace beneath with thee ?

Mother, oh ! I have now no friend
  To hearken to my tale—
Wilt thou no comfort to me send
  To cheer me through this vale ?
The dreariness of night is round,
Yet save the wind there comes no sound.

No voice—no soft reply—oh ! where
  Shall my tired spirits stray
For refuge from the dark despair
  That clouds my lonesome way ?
The green sod and the grey tomb stone,
Are dwelling with me here alone.

Alone ! no human heart to know
  The mournfulness of mine !
No anxous feeling soul to flow
  In sympathy divine !
Would that those lips now pale and cold
Might speak,—what peace they could unfold !

Mother! from out thy damp cold bed,
Might one faint murmur rise—
'Twould soothe this aching heart and head,
'Twould calm these weary sighs,
One gentle breath—my soul would fill
With peace to know—thou hear'st me still.

But no—all's quiet—slumbers deep
Now wrap thy pillow'd head,
A long—a lasting—dreamless sleep
Among the mouldering dead!
And thy lone child must still endure
The pain for which remains no cure!

WEBER'S LAST SONG.

Oh! bring me once more,
My harp, ere life be o'er
And whilst my spirit gently glides away,
Its strings may tell
The world my last farewell,
Breathed forth in a wild lay.

Sweet chords again awake,
Oh! let your music break
With force full deep to sooth this drooping trembling soul;
Oh! waft around my head
A song mete for the dead—
When they are freed from death's control.

Then—as my senses fade—
As nearer draws the shade
Of dying strife—oh ! be your influence then most strong
So that the mortal pain—
The earth's near severed chain
Shall fail beneath the power of song.

Bring then—oh ! bring once more
My harp ere life be o'er,
And let these feeble fingers o'er its wild strings stray
And they shall faintly tell
A tone of my farewell—
Breath'd as my spirit passed away !

ERROR'S RECOMMENDATION.

Creatures of earth, ever prone to do wrong,
Listen awhile to a friend you've known long ;
I speak but of what you allow is a truth—
My readiness ever to accompany youth—
My fervent desire to remain with them still,
Though their course be marked out through trouble and ill
Unlike the false friends with whom sometimes you meet,
That seem for a time to be smiling and sweet,
Then throw off the mask so deceitfully worn
And display in full truth a foe's bitter scorn.
I'm staunch to the heart that has followed my ways,
Attachment so faithful as mine ne'er decays ;

Most willing to guide you along the dark road
That leads to my spacious frequented abode :—
Nor deem, I entreat you, that when arriv'd there
Attendants are wanting to welcome your care ;—
Transgression and sorrow as porters await
To hail every sinner that enters my gate;
They will place you secure in my banqueting hall,
Where the worst of life's passions appear at a call.
Remorse shall be savoured with wildest despair
While conscience on all sheds reproachful its glare,
Nor draughts are found lacking—the goblets are filled,
Quaff them and soon by their power is instilled
A fear, and a shuddering,—yet a thirst within,
Still urging you on to drink deeper of sin :—
And when over wearied with such a full feast
Think not that my wish to oblige is decreased !
A chamber of rest near my mansion you'll find,
Where—despised by the less erring part of mankind
You may seek for repose, nor seek long in vain,
Already existence beginneth to wane—
Destraction will soon o'er perverted sense creep
And point out the way of procuring a sleep—
How long it will last friend or foe may not tell,
But ere ye awake, ye will bid me farewell,
For I should not be able to serve my friends here,
Did I slumber a moment o'er error's career.

SONNET.

I love to wander when all nature seems
Wrapt in a twilight cloud, when all is still—
And then to think of by-gone pleasant dreams
That once were wont my merry heart to fill
With childish mirth;—oh! how the vision brings
The strong remembrance of all happy things!
The time—alas! how changed, when all that came
Within the notice of my careless mind,
Was as a glowing picture, still the same
Bright hues and lovely prospects lay defined;
Without one shade of darkness all was light;
Each budding hope and thought had known no blight
But life in its spring times rarely found amiss,
For then how sweet we taste of ignorance the bliss.

SONNET.

In the dim twilight of this shadowy hour
There is a solemn sweetness;—every tree
Looks motionless—as though in silent rest.
No sound breaks forth, save but at intervals,
One low deep murmur, like the gentlest sigh,
Floats in sad tone upon the dewy air.
Oh! what a scene to tranquilize the mind!
And bid the o'er fraught heart be comforted!

Ye who are sorrowful dwell here awhile
And gaze upon the sight, till o'er your souls
Nature's calm sympathy impart its peace
And list unto the murmur, till it wake
Mem'ries that may have coldly slept, yet now
Can waft through the spirit breathings of the past.

STANZAS.

Farewell ! let there be no sighing,
Though our parting for ever be past,
Fate—every thing else denying—
Can prevent not our mem'ry to last.

We'll think on those days of lightness,
When flowers—now withered—did bloom ;
And a ray of that former brightness
Our present dark hour shall illume.

Have not our hopes been all blighted ?
Oh ! then still to hope would be vain—
Since that which our hearts delighted,
Will never delight us again.

We should but revert to gladness,
That held, for a brief time its sway,
And keep from our souls that sadness,
Which chaseth such sweet thoughts away.

We know there must be no meeting,
  We know we must journey apart,
Without the faint hope of greeting,
  Again the beloved of our heart.

Yet till this fond heart shall perish,
  And the last of its throbbings be o'er,
The mem'ry of thee will it cherish
  Till mem'ry itself be no more.

A DREAM.

'Twas eve—yet o'er the western sky
  Still glowed a ruddy light;
While dimly might be traced on high
  The twinkling stars of night.

And all around, in freshest green,
  The trees and fields were dressed;
It was to me, the very scene,
  That charms my soul the best.

Methought around my path there lay
  A few half-closed wild flowers,
And every footstep brushed away
  Their dewy drops in showers.

I felt the night wind slight and soft
  Lift up my long damp hair
And every breeze did gently waft
  A coolness through the air.

I wandered on—but not alone—
  Friends wandered with me too,
And dear friends—such as I had known,
  And loved as being true.

I heard their voices sound of mirth,
  I saw the blessed sight,
Of mortals, on this lovely earth,
  Entranced in pure delight.

I felt that happiness of soul,
  That union of mind,
And glowing 'neath its sweet control,
  Adored all human kind!

My dreams mild nature changed there came
  A distant murmuring sound;
I gazed, but oh! 'twas not the same
  Bright prospect all around.

A dreary, darksome, vapour lay,
  Where late shone eve's decline,
I watched the pale stars glide away,
  Nought else I could define.

And now upon my listening ear,
Distinct and sadly fell
A stroke that filled my heart with fear,
A mournful passing bell.

All else was silent—darker still
The dull cold mist seemed spread,
And every breath felt like the chill
That wraps the slumbering dead.

It was a misery too deep
For nature to sustain,
I had no power to sigh or weep,
I could but feel the pain.

Till sounded forth one solemn toll,
The saddest yet that broke,
It paused—the sorrow of my soul
Departed—and I woke.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Time was—when childhood's dream was sweet,
When gladness reigned o'er all,
When hope's young flowers no blight could meet,
When pleasure could not fall.

Time is—when o'er the once gay heart
A chilling change hath passed,
When worldly sorrow doth impart
Its bitterness of blast!

Time will be—when the mortal breath,
The earth, the grief, be o'er,
The dream of life, the sleep of death,
When they shall be no more!

TO SLEEP.

(WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.)

Come to my eyelids, come, oh! once again,
Come to my tired frame with thy lulling rest,
And, though thy wildest visions fill my brain,
Still will I hail thee as a good kind guest.

I have been waiting for thy soothing power
Till now—hope sickens in my longing heart;
For as I note each lagging, painful, hour,
I feel as though we were but more apart.

Oh! through the night's dull solitary hours,
To wake, to feel, to think—to think of what?
Aye, in that silent time, how memory showers
Her keenest thoughts of what should be forgot;

Come but to bless me with a moment's calm,
Chase every fancy from this heavy head,
Wreathe me, oh! gently, in thy drowsy charm,
And let me slumber on my weary bed.

Could I but feel that soft approach of peace,
That tranquil langour which the free mind knows,
Could I but from this pain gain my release
How sweet should be this night's long still repose.

But it is not—at least that I should now
Feel as I only felt when health was mine;
Not while hot fever burneth on my brow,
Not while my strength seems hourly to decline.

Not till my time of pain and trial's o'er,
And sickness shall renounce its fearful sway,
Therefore will I repine nor grieve e'er more,
But wait in patience till it pass away.

Yet—if thou would'st accede to shed awhile
Thy influence, and this wandering spirit steep
In sweet forgetfulness, how calm would wile
Away the midnight hours.—Oh! quiet sleep,
Come! for methinks when thou hast wrapt my brain,
And I awake—'twill be to health again.

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND.

We saw her departing from day to day,
  Like a fading rose on a young green tree,
Though her beauty's glow was passing away
  Still fresh and living, oh! it could not be
That she would die; and the hope for awhile
  Lightened our souls with a transient gleam,
Till we knew, by that heavenly look and smile,
  How false was the light of our hope's short dream.

She grew less gladsome,—that spirit, so high,
  Tranquil and meek as an angel became,
Earth's sorrows alike with its joys had swept by,
  And nought of the world save its peace did she claim.
A little time more,—and the shadowy sight
  Of a shattered gem did our gaze behold,
A dim clouded eye, of but mortal light,
  A brow, a cheek, and a lip too cold.
Frail relics! existing in dust to tell
Of the holy, the lovely, the loved so well!

ON SEALING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

Records of folly! of youth's first wild dream,
  Rest for a season, till time shall efface
Your fondest remembrance, till every gleam
  Of love's fitful passion cold reason shall chase.

And in the course of a few fleeting years,
When sorrow hath blighted affection's last bloom,
When duty hath dimned, by its penance of tears
That light which alone the dull past can illume.

Then when all vain hope has fled from my breast,
And every throb shall have passed from my brain,
Then will I break on your silence and rest,
Records of folly ! and read ye again.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

He had journied o'er distant grounds,
Where the dark streamed Ganges flowed,
And his feet had trod those burning sands
O'er which the red sun glowed.

And a toiling time had been his lot,
Upon the deep blue seas,
In calm, in gale, in storm, in wreck,
He had lived 'mid the ocean breeze.

Full many years had found him still
An exile from his home ;
But the wildness of his youth was past,
And he cared not now to roam.

One parting word to his comrades dark,
It was no pang to sever,
And a few steep strides from the Indian rock,
He had quitted it for ever.

Some weary months of anxious thought,
On the briny wave he bore,
Till with hope and fear on his troubled heart,
Did he greet his native shore.

'Twas an autumn eve, and the golden gleam
Of the parting sun still shed
A mellow tint o'er each fading tree—
And the lonely sailor sped.

Scarce knowing where—but the willow tree,
And the church-yard gate were now
Before his gaze, and he paused to cool
The heat of his burning brow.

He looked on the scene around, the trees,
With their gilded leaves shone bright,
And the church in which he had oftimes prayed
Was bathed in the yellow light.

And softly along the still calm air,
Went the cool gale murmuring on—
Oh! the sound to his aching soul conveyed
Sad memories one by one.

Of the voices in the glad spring time,
Of the youthful step and brow,
Of the beauteous and the loving hearts,
Alas! where were they now?

Oh, alas! where were they now? one glance
'Neath the elm's dark shadows, where
The many tomb stones closely lay,
Their names were written there.

He bent the eyes that had long been dry
On the graves where those lost ones slept,
Till the flood gates of his bursting grief,
Were loosed and he wildly wept.

Then the agony of conscious sin
Brought its desolating throe,
Whilst the withering ghosts of departed days
Came to mock him in his woe.

And that dull cold sense of loneliness,
On his struggling spirit prest,
Till the weight o'erpowered—and the wanderer sank
From his earthly storm to rest!

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

I am alone—the evening wanes away
O'er the grey landscape snowy mists arise,
And as I look upon the parting day,
Faint gleams the lustre of the starry skies ;
Night stealeth on, the dusky shadows fall,
And touch my spirit with their gloomy pall.

My thoughts are of the past,—I view the whole
As once it was—how vain the sight appears !
A useless mockery to cheat the soul !
A few dim smiles that ended all in tears,
Like April sunbeams gleaming 'neath a cloud,
Or beauty living though in deathly shroud.

SONG OF THE MORN.

I come with the op'ning of wak'ing flow'rs,
I come with a breathing o'er stream and rill,
And with light on my wings from heav'n's high bowr's
I Glide along over valley and hill.

Softly I stir with a gentle thrilling,
The balmy breeze that hath slept full too long,
And while the air with its perfumes filling,
I call forth the warbling of each bird's song.

The feath'ry mists 'neath my influence fading,
Float all away with their shadows of snow,
And the earth o'er which no gloom's pervading,
Brightens and smiles at my dawning's faint glow.

Far o'er the landscape my steps are wending,
Scattering sweetness at every tread,
Till earth and sky in one beauty blending,
Vie in the brightness my presence hath shed.

Mortals! my glorious star now beaming,
Comes like hope's beacon to cheer every heart,—
Wake then, oh! wake, from slumbering and dreaming,
Gaze on my loveliness ere it depart.

TO ———

Be thine a prosperous passage, without sin
To dare arrest thee on thy future way;
A righteous course of pleasantness, wherein
No tempting vice can lead thy heart astray,
Or from its yet pure shrine, chase innocence away.

Thy youth's bright morning like a spring time's dawn,
Virtue and simple truth,—a rare display—
The glowing noontime of thy years t' adorn;
And like the last beams piercing through eve's grey,
Come the rich memories of thy life's past day.

TO ———, ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

" In memory"—yea, such, shall it be!
Yet, is there need of such to me?
Canst thou believe though I had not
This gift of thine, thou'dst be forgot?
There is upon my heart a trace
Of that which time can ne'er efface;
A record of one brief bright time,
That made this earth like heav'n sublime.
And can it be though passing by,
The mem'ry of such time should die?
Oh! no, not when all sense of thought
And that pleasure ever wrought.
All hope, all pain, all vain desire,
And all within the world expire,
And e'en when death itself arrive,
That one remembrance shall survive.

TO A DEPARTED ONE.

Oh! in the silence of this time of shade,
How the vain flutt'ring of each thought grows still!
Yea, as the sunbeams from the clear skies fade,
So pass the gilded joys now grown too chill
To warm the heart they could not long beguilde
And the wrung spirit is itself awhile.

To thee—oh ! severed from this world and me,
How shall my grieved heart dare to name thee now !
Thou that hast fled this realm of earth and sea,
This place of strife where sorrow clouds the brow.
To thee, departed one, my soul would dare
To breathe the whisperings of its inward prayer.

Might I but know it was in peace that death
Claimed for his own thy mortal part awhile,
Was it but one short struggle with thy breath
And then—the eternal light of heav'n's bright smile ?
Oh ! When thy spirit took its parting wing,
Was there in death no bitterness to sting ?

Oh, much lamented being ! when the throe,
Came to announce thy brief sojourn was o'er,
Was there no voice to assuage thy life's last woe ?
Where there no friends upon that foreign shore ?
Oh ! might these eyes thy last look but have seen,
What would my soul's whole prayer for thee have been ?

Oh ! still beloved though shade on shade hath pass'd
O'er the fond gaze I'd hope again to see,—
Though o'er thy silent dust, the dust be cast
Still art thou, what thou wert—all, all to me !
Tell me, oh, spirit ! in that world of thine,
Is there no peace to soothe a grief like mine ?

Tell me though from the hearts that loved thee well—
Though thy last home was not thy land of birth,
Tell me, though few received thy sad farewell
Or blessed thee, ere thy soul forsook this earth—
Was there no comfort in thy dying hour—
No ray of hope to shed its healing power?

My soul is thankful for the silence deep,
And the clear gleamings of the far off sky
Come, like a dawning, o'er my spirit's sleep,
And chase its anguish by the calm reply.
He who alone can quell the troubled heart
Was there, and bade him hope—how then should he depart?

LINES

ON LOOKING AT A WITHERED FLOWER THAT HAD BEEN PRESERVED FOR SOME TIME IN A BOOK.

Frail relic! as thy fading form I view,
What long lost visions to my bosom throng!
Gleamings of joy and hope awhile that threw
Their purest light the cloudy past among.

When thou wert placed here in thy blossom's prime,
And eyes gazed on thee, full of life and light,
When thoughts too blest with that day's pleasant time
Ne'er dwelt on sorrows of the coming night.

But for the change—what bliss this heart might fill
To know our sweet communings were not vain;
To feel, though thou art withered, there may still
Live the fond mingling of our souls again.

But, it is o'er!—joy, hope, and fondest thought,
From earthly tenement have pass'd away;
And that mind's beaming gaze intensely wrought,
Is shrouded 'neath perishable clay!

Yet thou art here, thy beauty still appears!
Though crushed and scentless, yet thou seemest fair.
And as thy springing was in budding years,
Thou shalt remain, their bloomless fate to share.

Yea, if 'tis only for a soothing thing,
When the chafed spirit knows not where to fly—
The still lone dreamings of our time to bring
Type of the past—thou shalt not quite all die.

A REQUIEM.

He crossed the blue ocean when hope was nigh gone,
Yet a beam o'er his spirit in mockery shone,
Like a lamp when expiring burns brightest awhile,
Flashed forth that last gleaming to lure and beguile.
He passed o'er the waters in sadness of thought,
For with pleasure departed that lone heart was fraught,

Yet the white foaming waves and the heavens so clear,
Looked bright when that vain hope still lingered to cheer.

The deep sea was cleared—he has reached his strand,
And his last home of rest is that far stranger land,
He is sleeping alone, where no friend may know
How over his ashes the wild flowers grow ;
And he parted from earth in his youth and bloom
With none but a stranger to witness his doom.

Yet, peace to his memory ! though o'er the wave
He found what he sought not—a far distanf grave,
Perchance the west wind may sweep moaning along,
As the heart-thrilling sound of a death telling song.
And the dew drops may fall o'er his cold icy bed,
Like tears round the sod which embosoms his head,
And when the day light quite fades from the sky
Like a symbol of peace from its mansion on high,
The moon may look down to hallow the spot
Where he slumbers, but never by one is forgot!

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

I feel oppresed—a wearinesss of all
That once was pleasant comes too thickly on ;
For as the darkness from this midnight pall,
Now clouds the gleamings that but lately shone,

So come these shades of feeling to impart
Their dull cold sadness, on this heavy heart.

It is not sorrow only, but a state
Of mental suffering free from fleshly pain;
As though the spirit were a nerveless weight,
All callous grown, without the power again,
The world's deep anguish or its joy to bear,
Or the brief passings of life's hope to share.

The past comes o'er me—as the shadowy way,
Comes to the traveller when nigh travers'd through
His journey seems—he turns at dusk of day
The desert's trackless space of gloom to view—
All drear and dark, with not e'en memory's light
To bring sufficient to the aching sight.

And for the present—do I mind not how
My thread of life fate hath already spun
And wherefore should the weft be smoother now
That onward still unevenly might run?
Then for the future, lo! what clouds pervade,
I dare not, if I could, pierce through that shade,

Oh! for a change within this mortal mind
To bid these slumberings of the spirit go,—
A solemn waking of the soul to find
Peace from the workings of each earthly woe;
Oh! for a course these wandering steps might tread
Free from all error and all worldly dread.

Be the vain dreamings of the heart quite o'er,
Passion all still—and hope for ever past,
'Tis but an effort, and the chain no more
Shall o'er the spirit's energy be cast.
Burst then the fetters—break from thrall away,
And o'er this darken'd soul, oh! dawn a brighter day.

SOLITARY MEDITATIONS.

There is sadness in knowing
The spring leaves decay,
And the roses just blowing
Will wither away;
To see the fair dawning
On earth not so light
And the summer's gay morning
Grow less and less bright;
And to look on the dim sky,
When subeams are o'er,
And the shadows that flit by
Are gathering more.

There is sorrow in leaving
The home of your birth
While your heart is still cleaving
To all round its hearth;
To part with a yearning,
To sever the chain
That binds you from turning
To loved ones again;

And to bear one lone feeling
Still treasured and dear
Though the tongue unrevealing
The eye without tear.

There is anguish in meeting,
When time has sped by,
And the bright hour of greeting
Draws shiningly nigh ;—
Then to gaze at its gleamings,
So clouded with shade,
And to feel how hope's dreamings
Can burn dim and fade,—
For the spirit's brief ranging
Is fettered no more,
And the world and its changing
Is vanished and o'er.

And, yet 'mongst the working
Of earthly things here,
Remains there not lurking,
Some vision to cheer ?
Oh ! be there not breathings
Of comfort to still
The throbbings and grievings
Too heavy and chill ;
That come softly waking
The soul's thrilling tone—
Though its chords be nigh breaking
Its sweetness nigh flown ?

Oh! yea, mid the gushing
Of long quenched tears,
Come memories rushing
Of slumbering years;—
As mid the flowers dying
In autumn's dull day,
There are leaves still defying
Bleak winter's dark away,—
So o'er the cold bosom,
When life's bloom is past,
Green records will blossom
Still fresh to the last.

SONG.

I never felt a hope arise,
Illumining with brightest dyes,
Some treasured thought of future things—
That did not quickly take its wings,—
And though it still would fain delay,
Of those false hues, one faintest ray,
Yet would they all flee fast away—
Like starry meteors in the sky
Radiant flash—but quickly die!

And when at length with joy around;
The heart a pleasant home had found
Where every bosom seem'd entwin'd,
In perfect unison of mind;

And love, pure love, within had cast
Its soft delicious power at last;
And peace was shedding o'er the whole;
Its heavenly harmony of soul.
Yet, e'en amidst such sure repose,
When all seem'd safe from future woes,
Some sudden change to mar arose.

As like the lyre whose thrilling notes
Some loud deep melody now floats,
In such wild sweetness o'er the brain—
Till only rapture seems to reign,
When, oh! too deep—one chord unstrung,
Will snap with jarring sound among,
And strains that tranquil swept before,
Will strike in discord evermore!

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